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THE OBSERVATOR.

the Birth and Riſe of Arch-Biſhop Laud. *Of his Theatrical Conſecration of St.* Katharine Creed-Church *in* London. *Of the Conjunction of the* French *and* Bavarians. *The* Country-man's *News from the Iſle of* Thanet.

From **Wednesday** May the 24th, to **Saturday** May the 27th, 1704.

Country-m. NOW, Maſter *Obſervator*, for an Account of this Biſhop *Laud*, that is ſo *Lauded* by the *High-Flyers* of our Church?

Obſ. This Father of the *High-Church* of *England*, was deſcended of very Mean and Obſcure Parents; he was Born at *Redding* in *Barkſhire*, in a Cottage juſt over againſt the Cage, which Cage and Cottage, upon his Elevation to the See of *Canterbury*, were both pulled down, one Rebuilt and the other Removed to ſome other place.

Country-m. I thought great Favourites never ſprung from the Dung-hill; and that it was beneath a Prince to have any Communication with ſuch Undeſcended Wretches.

Obſ. There has been ſome Princes, who had Favourites, that did not choſe them either on the Account of *Deſcent* or *Vertue*. Such Princes who uſed *Privadoes* have ſome Private Deſigns againſt the Publick, which Perſons *Nobly Deſcended*, and *Liberally Educated*, are not likely to be concerned in. And Perſons of Mean Extract, and who are Ambitious of Grandeur, will attempt the higheſt Villany, to make themſelves Great, and can Condeſcend to ſuch Mean things in order thereunto, as Noble Spirits cannot Truckle to. And when Princes they are got within the Prince, the Prince is no longer his own Man, he's no longer King of his own Realms, he has a Partner with him, that knows all his Deſigns, is acquainted with all his Offices, and upon the leaſt Diſgrace is ready to Publiſh them; ſo that the little Cottage o'er-tops the Palace; and the Blood Royal Circulates by the Vital Power of that of a Beggar. But to return to the Father of *High-Church*.

He became a poor Scholar in *Oxford*, and being a Pert Young Fellow; or rather being deſigned by God Almighty to be a *Plague* to the Church and State of *England*, he got many Advantages in that Univerſity; and Elections into Offices there, and Benefices in the Church, were eaſily procur'd for him.

Whilſt he was Chaplain to the Earl of *Devonſhire*, he Married the ſaid Earl to the Lady *Rich* (another Mans Wife) at *Wanſteed* in *Eſſex*.

Country-m. I Proteſt, Maſter *Obſervator*, our *High-Church Saint* began very well; a Leathern-conſcienc'd Divine, I'll warrant him. And I ſan- before you have done with him, he'll prove a right Reverend Father in *Satan*.

Obſ. He was queſtion'd by Doctor *Ayry*, of *Queens-Colledge*, for a Sermon Preached by him at St. *Mary's*; in which Sermon was contained ſundry *Scandalous and Popiſhes Paſſages*, and yet was in the next Year inveſted into the Vicarige of Stamford in *Northampton-ſhire*.

Doctor *Abbot*, then Arch-Biſhop of *Canterbury*, cited the Lord Chancellour *Elſmeer* to Complain againſt *Laud*, as being a bitter *Enemy* to the *Proteſtant Religion*, and commonly reputed in *Oxford* to be a Man cordially addicted to *Popery*, and a *Papiſt* in Heart, keeping Company with thoſe who were moſt *Popiſhly* affected.

Yet, notwithſtanding this Complaint, and ſeveral others of the ſame Nature, made by the chief Men of the Kingdom, was he ſo revited in the favour of King *James* the firſt, that he, in a manner, pick'd and cull'd for himſelf the *Eccleſiaſtical* Preferments as they became vacant. And upon that Kings giving him the *Deanery* of *Glouceſter*, *June* 3, 1622. He Writes thus in his *Diary*. *The Kings Gracious Speech to me concerning my Long Service.* He was pleaſed to ſay, *He had given me nothing but* Glouceſter, *which he well knew was a Shell without a Kernel.*

He was afterwards made Biſhop of St. *Davids*; and in the Reign of King *Charles* the Firſt, he was made Biſhop of *Bath* and *Wells*; and ſoon after that was Sworn of the Privy Council, then made Biſhop of *London*, and in the Year 1633 he was Tranſlated to the Arch-Biſhoprick of *Canterbury*, the top of *Eccleſiaſtical* Preferments in *England*. We find it under his own hand, that it was twice offered to him to be a Cardinal, with which he acquainted the King, but he giving no Reaſons for his Refuſal of that offer, we muſt conclude that he then had *Canterbury* in his Eye, as the more Comfortable Importance.

Country-m. In Good Truth, Maſter *Obſervator*; this Laudable Biſhop was a down-right *Papiſt*. The Children of our *High-Church* have a Pious Father, I'll ſay that for 'em.

Obſ. Neither better nor worſe. A Vein of Superſtition ran thro' the whole Courſe of his Life, even in his Obſervance of Dreams; nay, ſo low as to the Flight of a couple of *Robin-Red-Breaſts*. A little of his Superſtition I ſhall ſhow in his Conſecration of St. *Katharine Creed-Church*, *London*, taken from Doctor *Welwood*'s Memoirs, Page 275. and mentioned by *Ruſhworth*, Page 77. of Part 2. Vol. 1.

At the Biſhops approach to the *Weſt-Door*, ſome that were prepared for it, cryed, with a loud Voice, *Open, Open, Ye, Everlaſting Doors, that the King of Glory may come in.* And preſently the Doors were Opened, and the Biſhop, with ſome Doctors, and many other Principal Men went in, and immediately falling down upon his Knees, with his Eyes lifted up, and his Arms ſpread abroad, uttered theſe Words; *This Place is Holy, this Ground is Holy; In the Name of the Father, Son and Holy Ghoſt I Pronounce it Holy.*

Then he took up ſome of the Duſt, and threw it up into the Air ſeveral Times in his going up towards the Chancel; when they approach'd to the Rail and Communion-Table, the Biſhop bowed towards it ſeveral Times, and returning, they went round the Church in Proceſſion, ſaying the 100 Pſalm, after that the 19th Pſalm, and then ſaid a Form of Prayer, *Lord Jeſus Chriſt*, &c. and Concluding. *We Conſecrate this Church, and Separate it unto thee, as Holy Ground, not to be Prophaned any more to Common Uſe.*

After this the Biſhop being near the Communion-Table, and taking a Written Book in his Hand, Pronounced Curſes upon thoſe that ſhould

afterwards

afterwards Prophane that Holy Place, by Musters of Soldiers, or keeping Prophane Law-Courts, or carrying Burdens thro' it; and at the end of every Curse, he bowed towards the *East*, and said, *Let all the People say Amen.*

When all the Curses were ended, he Pronounced a Number of Blessings upon all those, that had any Hand in Framing and Building of that Sacred and Beautiful Church, and those that had given, and should hereafter give any Chalices, Plate, Ornaments, or Utensils: And at the end of every Blessing, he bowed towards the *East*, saying, *Let all the People say Amen.*

After this followed the Sermon; which being ended, the Bishop Consecrated and Administer'd the Sacrament in the manner following.

As he approached the Communion-Table he made several lowly Bowings; and coming up to the Side of the Table where the Bread and Wine were covered, he bowed seven Times; and then after the Reading of many Prayers, he came near the Bread, and gently lifting up the Corner of the Napkin wherein the Bread was laid, and when he beheld the Bread, he laid it down again, flew back a Step or two, bowed three times towards it, then he drew near again, and opened the Napkin, and bowed as before.

Then he laid his Hand on the Cup, which was full of Wine, with a Cover upon it, which he let go again, went back, and bowed thrice towards it, then he came near again, and lifting up the Cover of the Cup, looked into it, and seeing the Wine, he let fall the Cover again, retired back, and bowed as before; then he received the Sacrament, and gave it to some Principal Men; after which, many Prayers being said, the Solemnity of the Consecration ended.

Country-m. Why, Master, in the Name of the He-Whore of *Babylon* is not this Popery, Idolatry, Superstition and Conjuration? 'Tis such kind of Bishops our *High-Flyers* do want? Do they? No, they shall be Hang'd first. We'll keep such Honest Protestant Bishops as we now have, and let 'em call 'em *Low Churchmen* and be——to 'em.

Obs. Now, Honest *Country-man*, for a little News.

Country-m. No good News, it is all out of sorts, there's Master *Tallard*, the *French* General, has gotten Leave of St. *Peter* to pass thro' his Valley with 9000 Men, and so he is joyned the *Bavarian* Rebels, and our Folk not being acquainted with any of the Saints, could not get a Door open to stop them, or to follow them: There will be the Devil to do among 'em in that Country.

Obs. 'Tis indeed very surprizing, that this Conjunction should be made without the least Opposition. This is the Effect of *French* Diligence and Foresight. They do their Business always at the opening or the close of the Campaign. Designs well laid must be Executed with speed. Many Incidents may happen in War, by protraction of Time, which may spoil the best Projections, and ruin Armies if not Countries.

Country-m. Master *Observator*, I have a Whim just now crept into my Noddle, I would have you Write a Book.

Obs. Upon what Subject? With what Title?

Country-m. It shall be called *A Martial Shove to the Heavy Ars'd Soldiers.*

Obs. I thank you as much as if I did, let me get off of what you have brought me into already, before I venture on any new Project.

Country-m. Nay, if you are afraid to Write, I'll do it my self, you need not be so Cautious, you'll Fare ne'er the better for it. But what you of this Fellow mentioned in the Po that Cut off his Fingers because he would into the Wars?

Obs. I think 'tis pity there is no Law to him. I don't know what his Circumstances be; but surely nothing can justifie such an on, and don't know but the Laws may him for Maiming himself.

Country-m. Well, I don't care to go to *Fl* but if *Perkin* comes here, I'll have a Slap A—— I'll cut off some of their Fingers and and Heads too if I can. Well, I know wh have a Letter from the Isle of *Thanet*, sent me Farmer *Thomas*, I would not have it made lick, but I'll tell every Body of it. He says a parcel of fine Fellows come down there, want to go to *France*, and because no Body carry them over, they Steal the Peoples and run away with 'em, and so the poor P are Rob'd.

Obs. Neither you nor I have the Guard o Coast of *Kent*; and if you can't Discourse b Great Matters only, 'tis more safe for me gone.

Country-m. Good Lack-a-Day! Your Ser Mr. *Cautious Observator*, Good by't'ye Sir, I against we meet next you'll be out of the Po

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